

The Heroes of Reach

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Prologue

Planet Reach

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>16:48

Gunnery Sergeant Jack Riggs felt around the back of his neck for the clasp that would unlock his helmet, he could just about feel it with his left hand. He rested his half empty shotgun up against a nearby wall and reached for the clasp with his right hand. He removed his helmet exposing his middle aged face that was covered in deep cuts, blood and bruises. Just by looking at him you could see that he hadn't slept for a couple of days, he had been nonstop fighting. He looked at his ODST helmet that he held in both hands and turned it around that reviled a crack from one end of the visor to the other. His face was emotionless as the helmet gazed at him. Most of the

paint was gone or covered in plasma burns, the comm. Unit on the left of the helmet was destroyed. Riggs didn't even recognize the helmet as his own anymore, he let the helmet slip from his grasp. The helmet fell and crashed onto the cracked, barren dry ground.

Riggs reached for his shotgun and took a few steps outside of what used to be someone's home, dust whirled around him with each step he took. Riggs dropped his head and closed his eyes, he stood in silence for a few seconds before he exhaled and looked up to see the wasteland of Reach that laid out before him. Lifeless corpse's lay scattered all around Riggs mostly human both UNSC marines and civilians. Elites, Grunts and Brutes also were amongst the dead, the mist hid most of the corpses but he knew that this was the same all over the planet. Thunderous crashes echoed all over the valley, Riggs shot his head in the direction which he heard the thunder to see through the thick dust a reddish purple plasma beam slamming into a nearby mounting, the covenant continued to glass Reach's surface even though the UNSC had fought hard to defend the planet, it just wasn't enough to push them back. They were fighting a losing war.

Close by another sound echoed around Riggs this sound he recognized instantly, it was the engine whine of a covenant phantom drop ship dropping of yet another wave. A small grin grew under his thick stubble. He sharply turned around and ran towards the building in which he came from while loading 8 gauge shells into his M45E. As soon as he got into cover he slammed his back up against the wall panting, it was a short sprint but he was tired from all the fighting and not being able to sleep.

Corporal Damian Reigns scanned the direction in which he believed the phantom drooped off covenant troops with his SRS99 sniper rifle, it was pointless using the x20 scope he stuck with the x5 for now. He sat patiently on a pile of rubble with his rifle resting on what used to be an office chair. Reigns didn't make a sound, his eyes were locked into the scope and focused on this one certain area. His right index finger slowly made its way to the trigger. He held his breath and squeezed the trigger. The 14.5x114mm round shot out of the rifle milliseconds after the shot cracked through the air. The sniper fire was retaliated by a horde of blue and green plasma fire as well as the sound of elites shouting orders.

"Contact!" shouted a nearby marine, instantly the valley once again was alive with a battle zone. The marines had a slight advantage if they focused enough they could see the glow of the elites armour when the plasma is discharged from the rifle, this gave them a target area.

Lieutenant Michel Clark slapped in another clip into his M5AC Assault rifle the ammo counter shot from 03 back to 32. He dropped to his knee and continued to fire his rifle in short controlled bursts. After a few bursts he twisted his body around to see one of his fellow marines take a plasma bolt to the back and dropped to the floor. There stood an elite major, Clark and the elite locked eyes for a few seconds before Clarke unloaded the rest of his clip into the major's shields.

>Riggs turned to see the major was almost face to face with Clark, he aimed his shotgun towards the elite, pumped the shell out of the gun and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. The elite threw his plasma rifle to the ground and extended his energy sword blade for a close and personal kill. Within heartbeats Riggs pulled his M6CSOCOM side

arm and unloaded most of the magazine into the elite, the first 6 broke the elites shield. The elite the noticed Riggs just before the final bullet broke the elites skin and into its brain. The body of the elite flew backwards and crashed to the floor. Clark looked at Riggs and nodded in thanks.

The fighting began to die down after five long minuets. Clark and Riggs stood over the corpse of the elite that got in too close for their comfort. Clarks armour was completely black from close plasma fire, he had cut off both of his sleeves exposing his arms but kept on the forearm and should pads. His blue eyes looked down at his assault rifle, yet again the counter read 00. He was completely out of ammo, the rifle dropped to the ground, he picked up the DMR of the dead marine next to him along with one last magazine and the troopers dog tags.

"They'll be back" Clark said as he stood up "we'd better prepare for the next wave." He added as he walked towards the edge of the house where the elite came from.

"I'm out of ammo sir" a young voice cried out with a hopeless tone to it. Private Adam Wilson was not even 20. He got called to fight just like the other men of Reach, he had never held a weapon before the invasion but he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. The armour he wore was just slightly lose, one size too big for him. He wore the armour of a dead marine.

"Then use the covie weapons if you have too" Clark replied without taking his eyes of Reach's waste land. A tear ran down Clark's face. The covenant had his him where it hurts by glassing reach. It was him home world and he would never stop fighting as long as he has air in his lungs he shall fight on.

"There's no point anymore, Reach is gone. And we'll be glassed with her if we don't leave now" Riggs announced to what was left of the men that were alive. "Maybe it's time to let go" he added to his statement.

"I agree Jack, I'm not biting it yet" Reigns cockily said as he climbed down his pile of rubble. Reigns armour was in no better shape than the rest, but somehow his ODST helmet remained undamaged, the blue stripe on the top of his helmet was still visible, along with the hand painted dragon eyes just above the visor. "we lost too much fighting here, time to take the fight elsewhere"

Reigns was the only trooper left alive from Riggs shock team, and he wasn't prepared to be a lone wolf, he felt he had to get the men off Reach alive. Both ODST and marine, they were one unit now.

>"Troopers we are leaving, let's move out" Riggs ordered as he picked up the elites plasma rifle. As Riggs, Reigns and Wilson were about to leave the building the words echoed into their ears. "I'm not going".<p>

Clark stood in the middle of the building, DMR in one hand his magnum side arm in the other. "I would rather die, than see Reach burn. Go get of the planet." he muttered.

"No way sir, I'm not leaving you to die here" Wilson shouted over the distant plasma crashes. Riggs and Reigns looked outside the building

to see another wave of covenant being dropped off.

"That was a direct order soldier, go!"

Wilson head dropped as he sighed, "yes sir" he croaked. Wilson slowly walked backwards towards the two ODST's that stood in the door way.

"I'll keep the covenant occupied." Clark announced just as the three exited the building and started to sprint in the opposite direction from where the covenants were being deployed. "For as long as I can" he muttered to himself.

Clark walked up to the door way to see only elites coming towards the building, he ducked behind the wall to avoid the incoming plasma fire. He then swallowed what fear he had of death and ran out charging towards the elites firing what ammo he had in the DMR he managed to pick off a few elites, headshot after headshot with bodies dropping left and right after breaking through their shields with the first shots, But the Covenant were relentless and after countless kills he was eventually injured by a plasma bolt to the right shoulder, hitting him in the exposed crack of his shoulder plate which had been broken from the previous battles, this resulting in him being knock back slightly from the right side in pain, but he still fought even after more taking more plasma injuries, leaving him burnt to the flesh and more of his armour battered and wrecked into pieces.

>After triumphantly taking on multiple Ultra and Zealot-class in hand to hand combat, the marine was finally overwhelmed, disarmed and forced to the ground. Even on the ground Clark took down two more elites with his sidearm and combat knife, shooting a bullet into the exposed throat of first elite, then stabbing the second with his knife through its split mouth. Though mortally wounded, he saw four more elites making their way over towards him, succumbing on the floor trying to reload his M6C the foot of an ultra crushed his hand, forcing him to release his magnum. He gazed up at a golden Zealot that wielded an energy dagger, his golden armour slightly covered from the dust with the orange glowing streaks across its chest plate and helmet, the Zealot looked down at the helpless body of the brave marine and thrust his blade through the chest of Clark, the last thing he saw was the face of the Zealot seem to grin at this, then the energy dagger burned through his chest and finally...pitch, black, darkness.<p>

End
file.